Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay: I would I were a weauer, I could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prince. How now Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

Prin. Why you horſon round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwere me to that, and *poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile ſee thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thouſand pound I cold run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of ſack, I am a rogue if I drunk to day

Prt. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunkſt laſt. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.*
A plague of all cowars ſtill ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here bee foure of vs, haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I weare not a halfe ſword, with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe,

Hoſe, my buckler cut through & through, my Sword hack't like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not do. A plague of al cowards, let them ſpeak if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake ſirs, how was it;

Roſs. Wee foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome 6. or 7. freſh men ſet vpō vs.

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prin. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iack*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Pal. Nay that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them; Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in Buckrom ſuites: I tell thee what *Hal*, if I tel thee a lie, ſpit in my face; cal me Horſe: thou knoweſt my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in buccorom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaidſt but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; he ſaid foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all a front, & mainely thruſt at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buccorom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buccorum ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe Hilts, or I am a villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare me *Hal.*

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iacke.*

Falſ.